PAUL ANKA MOVING TO THOROLD

His Way—Not the UN-FABBED Way
The Final Curtain for the UN-FABBED?

FICTIONAL ENTERTAINMENT BULLETIN • POLITICAL SATIRE

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Thorold's housing, entertainment and underground-tunnel industries received an imaginary boost today when Paul Anka announced he was moving to town.

A proper move, too.

Primary residence. Toothbrush in the bathroom. Slippers beside the chair. Personally acquainted with garbage day.

"I'm coming for a true residency," fictional Anka explained. "In show business, that means regular concerts keeping me from retiring. Here, I understand we should also clarify where I actually sleep."

His ambitious proposal included daily performances at the Battle of Beaverdams outdoor concert venue, followed by winter performances at a warm indoor venue—still in Thorold.

He was considering the old Riganelli property for a modest, understated, thirty-storey concert hall and residential development containing 300 apartments.

He would occupy the entire top floor.

"For the acoustics," he explained.

All parking would be underground. Heated pedestrian tunnels would connect destinations around town, including City Hall and the concert complex. In this fictional proposal, Elon Musk would design an underground electric train for winter trips to and from City Hall. A six-level underground parking garage, supplemented by extra underground spaces, would spare Ormond Street, the neighbours and nearby heritage buildings from concert-night congestion.

Asked who would pay for the tunnels, Anka produced a folder.

"Here are the proposed costs, financing, operating obligations and risks. **Private financing is in place, and the entire deal must be disclosed to the public before anything is finalized.**"

What a concept. Transparency BEFORE the deal. It's genius!

The room fell silent. In this fictional scene, Mayor "Spendolini" fainted. It happened after dark, earning him the title of Thorold's Night Mayor.

In our imaginary political circus, he had conducted the UN-FAB FOUR's orchestra until his announcement that he would not seek re-election became his cue to step back from the podium. Now the UN-FABBED stood alone: no conductor, no maestro—and nobody to count them in.

Someone called security—and asked for the smelling salts.

"He's offering full transparency—even the price—BEFORE we sign," whispered an official. "Is that even allowed? That's not very UN-FAB of Anka. Somebody check the procedure manual!"

A residency with a capital R

Our fictional newcomer also wanted a rule requiring four years of actual primary residence in Thorold before someone could run for council.

Whether such a rule could legally be adopted is a question for another day. In this imaginary announcement, Anka had already bought four calendars and labelled a drawer PROOF I LIVE HERE.

"Thorold will even be on my driver's licence," he added.

"I plan to run for Thorold City Council in 2030," Anka said.

"My address won't require a diagram," he promised.

The joke reflects my concern about candidates' connection to the community. It does not establish where Mike De Divitiis or Chantal McCollum lives or suggest that either is legally ineligible.

Anka's proposed campaign slogan? "THOROLD'S WAY." The tagline:

"I'LL BE HERE AFTER THE ENCORE."

A musical nudge to any and all UN-FAB FOUR members who is not re-elected: will you still be here, contributing to Thorold, after the applause—and your council seat(s)—are gone?

A farewell to the UN-FAB FOUR

Then came the musical commission.

Inspired by the familiar story of Sinatra contemplating retirement before “My Way” became a signature anthem that Anka wrote, Thorold approached its only registered Third-Party Advertiser.

“Nicholas, would you work with Paul Anka on a farewell number?”

“A farewell to bloc voting—and a welcome to independent thinking with some ’splainin’?” I asked, putting down my coffee. “Absolutely! A farewell to the UN-FAB FOUR.”

“More transparency, fewer documents to chase and nobody telling council when to nod. I will not convert to UN-FAB thinking. Thank you to our guardian angel, Clarence, from the Christmas movie It’s a Wonderful Life. They can keep the matching sport jackets. Independent thinking stays—and we can disagree without creating chaos.”

The musical idea was simple: the spirit of doing things Thorolds own way, turned into an original anthem about Thorold thinking for itself. The council version would leave plenty of room for questions.

The song’s message was simple: every councillor should decide each issue independently, vote according to that judgment and tell residents why. Councillors may retire. Their duty to think independently and explain their decisions should not.

Anka considered the assignment, then agreed. Who better to turn an imagined farewell into a comeback?

“I can retire a song from my set list,” he said. “I’m not retiring transparency either.”

The Sinatra parallel supplied the joke: a song associated with a possible farewell became a lasting anthem. In our fictional Thorold version, the UN-FAB FOUR would leave council, while independent thinking would keep getting encores.

We began writing with renewed enthusiasm. Independent thinking would come back to stay. Independent voting would also be back to stay. Explaining a council vote would become part of the job, rather than a surprise request from a difficult audience.

The anthem would be played at every council meeting.

Preferably before anyone mistook four matching answers for four explanations.

The imaginary election night and world premiere of Thorold’s anthem

Now jump ahead to the finale of this entirely fictional story: election night had passed, the concert complex was complete, and Anka’s first Thorold show was about to begin.

In this imagined outcome, voters had read, questioned, considered—and voted the UN-FAB FOUR out.

The farewell song had become a comeback anthem.

Gotham was saved. Thorold opened the windows.

Batman, Robin and Commissioner Gordon submitted their retirement papers.

“We feel the place is in good hands,” Gordon announced. “And we can finally stop sweeping City Hall with a searchlight the night before every council meeting, looking for transparency.”

The Bat-Signal could retire too—with one final appearance in the sky above Thorold for the premiere of Anka’s new voter anthem.



FICTIONAL POLITICAL SATIRE — Imagined outcome, not election news. No endorsement implied.

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Clarence, the guardian angel from It's a Wonderful Life, had received his wings and announced that all Thorold would receive theirs by heavenly assent.

Distribution would be handled remotely.

"Surely," Clarence reasoned, "if I can process celestial paperwork from Heaven, experienced councillors can at least explain how they will serve residents while away."

In the imaginary winter sequel, he compared remote-working arrangements with Jim Handley somewhere down south for medical reasons. In this invented scene, Handley brought his council experience. Clarence brought an exceptionally reliable cloud connection.



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Between rehearsals, Anka retreated upstairs to his new Thorold residence to prepare for his 2030 council run.

A retirement retreat—with nomination papers waiting in the drawer.

Then Zuzu Bailey stepped forward.

Zuzu Bailey. Not the petals. The child.

“God bless Thorold!”

The bells rang. The wings were earned. The orchestra began.

And the voters sang—joined by Thorold’s imaginary newest primary resident, Paul Anka: a resident at home, an artist in residence onstage, and a future council candidate who could walk home after the encore.

Or take the heated tunnel. Let’s not make the senior carry a piano up Ormond Street.

The house was sold out. Fans cheered as though the Beatles had arrived. The announcer introduced Thorold’s imaginary adopted son: PAUL ANKA! Not Tim O’Hare.

His famous smile shone like a spotlight. He stepped to the microphone—“and he actually used one at this meet and greet, as per the rules” (private joke to O’Hare)—beaming with pride at what he had helped inspire in this fictional Thorold.

Then he began to sing.



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I VOTED MY WAY — NOT THE UNFABBED WAY

An original Thorold voter anthem. Picture a grand orchestral finale as our fictional Paul Anka sang the new Thorold words, imagining the sweep of “My Way.”

MESSAGE TO READERS: Please try to keep the melody of “My Way” in mind as you read or sing the new words for the full satirical effect.

The bills arrived. The questions grew.
We asked what every vote would do.
No matching jacket chose for me—
My ballot and my mind stayed free.

I voted my way—
With reasons I could say.
We made our choices, one by one,
And sent the former four away.

Now earn our trust and show the price;
Explain your votes without asking twice.
Let questions ring through City Hall—
Independent thinking belongs to us all.

Let Batman rest. Let Clarence fly.
Let Zuzu’s blessing fill the sky.
Thorold had the final say:
WE LEFT THE UN-FAB FOUR BEHIND TODAY!

(The Finale Line) you could hear a needle drop if it wasn’t left out of the haystack.

Anka sang:

WE DID IT…

[Silent pause. Then the huge final note:]

THOROLD’S WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYY!

Sung perfectly, without a missed note!

The crowd finished with a standing O—not to be confused with the O in O'Hare. This one was for independent thinking. In our imaginary finale, Thorold was safe again!



Don't miss tomorrows version when Tom Cruise, Demi Moore not to be confused with Demi-John from the Rocco Difruscia days, and Jack Nicholson are included in **"YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH"**

Enjoyed the article Then pass it on

Unlike the UN-FAB FOUR's fictional explanation kit, the explanations here are accessible and come fully assembled. Batteries still not included!

PLEASE SHARE THIS ARTICLE PDF AND THE WEBSITE WITH FRIENDS, FAMILY, NEIGHBOURS AND ANYONE WHO COULD USE A LAUGH—AND A REASON TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

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